

Parting is such ambivalent sorrow

The end of the semester has finally arrived to both the delight and regret of some.

Seniors have mixed feelings of exultation at making it at long last but also have feelings of sadness at leaving Bennett to go out into the so-called "real world." Even though there may be feelings of sadness or fear, all share the feeling of accomplishing a great feat.

The seniors are not the only ones who are having mixed emotions at the close of the semester. The juniors are eager for the seniors to move on so that they may take their rightful places as seniors. There may be a hesitancy in some of their steps also because as rising seniors they know that they must prepare for the "real world" also.

Many of the freshmen are affected by the close of the semester. Some of

them can hardly wait because they will not be returning to what they think is a horrible place. Others will not be returning because of their academic failure. Maybe some will look upon their mistakes with regret while others will not and never realize they made mistakes.

The sophomores might be the only ones able to look at the ending of the semester as a vacation. Some of them could have mixed feelings or regret over their academic standing also.

For everyone, the school term 1982-1983 will be quite memorable for one reason or another. The reasons will be completely different from one individual to another. Some will remember '82-'83 because this will be the year they were married. Others will remember it as the year they made their first and last "A." For whatever varied reasons, the school term 1982-1983 will stick with us forever. (Yolanda DuRant)

You should study hearty before you party

April may be the most beautiful month of the year—even if it has brought us deluges of rain this time around. Our senses quicken along with the blooming of hyacinths, daffodils and tulips. We are renewed, and all things seem possible.

But every joy contains a heartache. T. S. Eliot wrote in the opening of "The Waste Land": "April is the cruellest month, breeding Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing/Memory and desire. . ."

In short, April is staggering. Although we cannot agree with Mr. Eliot about this month's cruelty, we can see the drug-like effects of the spring daze on campus. The Bennett family is presently intoxicated by "memory and desire."

Students are reporting later and later to classes where eyes widen with daydreams and jaws go slack. In some cases, the warm air serves as a sleeping potion. Professors (who, after all, do possess some human qualities) are also afflicted by the April stupor. They slump and slouch around campus like sleepwalkers, and sometimes they cannot remember what they are saying or doing. Reveries and drowsiness have even been known to visit the offices of

administrators. Everyone longs for the end of academic labor and for the freedom of summer. And it is in this yearning that April can truly wax cruel.

Who of us has not been encouraged by the weather to slam our duties down like burdensome backpacks? Who hasn't fantasized about starting the vacation early? Who has not been lured by the temptations of spring?

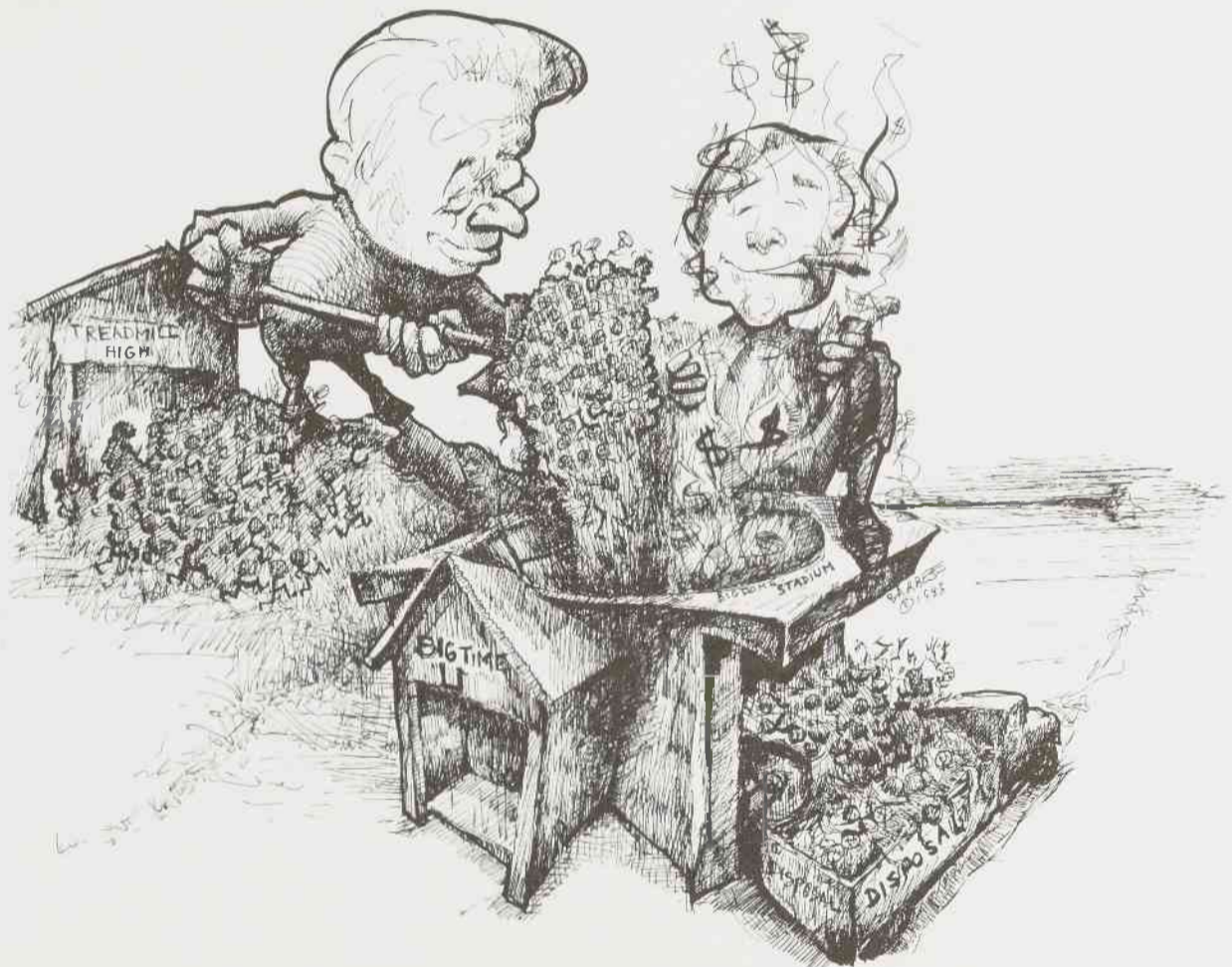
Since most editorials contain a warning, here goes: Many students have ruined potentially successful semesters by succumbing to the daze and experiencing a spring slump. We must constantly warn ourselves not to become the casualties of April.

The long, long year is nearly over. There are only about two-and-a-half weeks left of professorial monotones, hard work and cramming.

Just about anything can be endured and conquered for such a short time. Let's go home glad of our accomplishments and not sad because of sudden failures. Let's not be victims of spring fall-out.

You gotta cram before you can jam.

(Delia Dogwood)



Congregation banishes righteous reverend

a personal essay by Joan Y. Davis

I have never been a deeply religious person nor have I ever felt the urge to be "born again" or to give my life to Christ. However, there was a time when I was more of a believer than I am now.

Until my senior year in high school, I had a definite belief in God and the Christian doctrine, but a church

tragedy forced me to question my faith in the church and God.

Before my sophomore year in high school, church was something I did out of habit and to keep my parents off my back. It was the correct thing to do when I crawled out of bed on Sunday mornings.

It got to be such a habit that I felt guilty and lost for

the rest of the week if I didn't go to church. I would always have the strange sensation that I had forgotten to do something and the feeling would haunt me all day long.

To make matters worse, my parents were sure to add to my guilt. "You should be ashamed," they would say, or "There's no excuse for your missing church. I'm very disappointed in you." Consequently, I avoided skipping church to stop my conscience from eating me alive.

Church itself was no inspiration to me. I spent the hour-long service either passing notes to friends or daydreaming while our ancient minister rattled on about how Christians are so much better than everyone else.

His sermons had no profound effect on me and I felt totally out of touch with him. It was almost as if he and I were on two different planets. We were just on different levels of thought. So, when he retired, I shed no tears.

When our new pastor, a young, energetic man, took over, I began to find more meaning in church. Instead of the dull, monotonous, unmeaningful sermons I had slept through, this minister

preached lively, meaningful sermons that inspired me to at least think about believing in God.

I began to look forward to Sundays because I knew that Reverend Riggins would have a new information-packed sermon on everything from what a Christian is to what makes a person a true Christian.

For a year, I felt as though I was truly becoming as religious as I wanted and needed to be. I wasn't a fanatic, but I was beginning to appreciate God and what Christianity stood for. I was a new person with a brighter look on life.

It was as if someone had lifted a black veil from my face, and I was beginning to see clearly for the first time.

Unfortunately, the elder people who are dominant in our church did not share my feelings, and they began to work on throwing Reverend Riggins out. For months, they criticized him for being too loud and too blunt in his sermons. They said his children, who were only babies, were too noisy and that his wife was not a proper minister's wife.

I watched as Reverend Rig-

gins began to bend under the pressure. Hatred rose inside of me like a tidal wave as they talked about him. My contempt for the church members became so powerful that I felt sick to my stomach whenever I entered the church.

Finally Reverend Riggins gave in and resigned. A week later, he shot himself in the head. It was a black day for me when I found out.

I cursed my church and its members. Although they hadn't pulled the trigger, they had murdered him, and I despised them. I swore that if that was how people who claimed to be Christians acted, I would have no part of being a Christian.

Today, I still feel uneasy in my church because I know in my heart I have no place there. I can feel Reverend Riggins' presence. I can hear him talking to me.

He tells me the same thing over and over again. "You are amongst my murderers."

As I sit there with my heart in my throat, praying to a God I'm not sure I believe in, I hang my head in disgust. "Not only am I amongst your murderers," I whisper back, in my mind, "I am one."

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